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THE NEW UNITY

Reading Room Divinity School

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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SONG OF LIFE.

When Light unveiled her radiant face,
And wrapped the world in her embrace;
When into place the planets swung,—
This song the heavenly choir sung:
"O sacred pulse! O law divine!
All purpose and all power is thine.
Death, never!
Life ever and forever!"

And still that grand, triumphal song
Thrills through all nature, deep and strong;
And still vibrating, high and low,
It sets the continents aglow;
And in the ocean's sob and roar
It sounds and speaks forevermore:
"Death, never!
Life ever and forever!"

O human soul!—a spark of love,—
Around thee, earth-environed, move
Kaleidoscopic forms to-day;
To-morrow thou art on thy way
To fairer plains and sweeter skies!
And still the thrilling anthems rise:
"Death, never!
Life ever and forever!"

EDSON B. RUSSELL.

Alfred C. Clark, Publisher, 185-187 Dearborn St.

Chicago.

An Easter Announcement

The present volume of THE NEW UNITY began with the issue of March 4th. In that issue the publisher committed himself to a prediction. It is now his pleasant privilege to announce that his prediction has been fulfilled beyond his most sanguine hopes.

The prediction was in the nature of a proposition to double the subscription list of this paper before Easter. At the time it looked like a big undertaking, but the publisher thought he knew the stuff his subscribers were made of, and that if he would do his part they would do theirs, so he began by giving them a better paper; the next move was to give them two papers for the price of one, and then increasing the size of the paper, giving them four additional solid pages of choice reading matter for their money. The subscribers cried "Stop! you are doing more than your share! Let us show what we can do," and they went to work. The names and money came rolling in, many sending ten, twenty, and in one case thirty new subscriptions. The ratio of increase was astonishing, and showed that the publisher was safe in his estimate. The pace was set and it never flagged.

Easter Sunday is almost here, and it finds the paid-in-advance subscription list of THE NEW UNITY, instead of being doubled, more than trebled. The publisher has tried to do his part, and the subscribers have matched him at every point.

This Easter festival typifies a new life, and it finds THE NEW UNITY full of new life, with an army of new readers lined up with the ranks of its old but enthusiastic veterans, all united in a common brotherhood, leaving creed and dogma behind them, with their faces to the East, ready to greet the morning of a new era in politics, morals, and religion, and an era in which good citizenship, manhood and womanhood, spiritual and intellectual freedom, shall be recognized, and the cause of truth and fraternity advanced.

The splendid work that THE NEW UNITY'S great corps of editors and contributors are doing to promote this cause must not be hampered nor handicapped for want of readers. The magnificent growth of the subscription list must not stop; it must keep on until THE NEW UNITY has swelled its ranks of worthy and superb readers a hundred fold. The publisher is more than ready to do his share.*

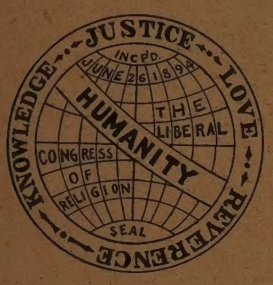
Sincerely yours,

ALFRED C. CLARK.

*In another part of this issue will be found an advertisement of which every member of the Liberal Congress should eagerly take advantage. I have no doubt that I will find reinforcements in the Liberal Congress army just as ready to respond as THE NEW UNITY'S veterans have been.

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1897. NUMBER 7.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.

Editorial.

From imperfection's murkiest cloud,
Darts always forth one ray of perfect light,
One flash of heaven's glory.
Soothing each lull, a strain is heard, just heard
From some far shore the final chorus sounding,
O, the blest eyes! the happy hearts! that see,
That know, the guiding thread so fine,
Along the mighty labyrinth.

WALT WHITMAN.

In the Liberal Congress Department of this number of THE NEW UNITY we have gathered the thoughts of many minds on the Easter festival. They form what might be called a "symposium on the thought of immortality," voicing in different phrases the common hope, the serene trust, the lofty aspirations which animate all alike.

So identical are the interests of THE NEW UNITY and the Liberal Congress that our publisher, in order to more closely identify his labors with those of the officers of the Congress, and to more firmly unite interests, has generously consented to send this paper to all annual members of the Congress whose subscriptions are received from this date. Henceforth the payment of five dollars will constitute one an annual member of the Congress and entitle one to a year's subscription to THE NEW UNITY. Present subscribers, by the payment of five dollars, either through the office of this paper or the officers of the Congress, for annual membership, will have their account with THE NEW UNITY advanced one year from existing date. Upon the readers of THE NEW UNITY must the Congress depend for its most substantial friends. Five hundred such double supporters are a low estimate of the publisher between now and the 1st of June.

The spring elections in Chicago and elsewhere are profoundly significant; whether they indicate a temporary reaction or something of continuing influence, even the highest political authorities do not pretend to say; but they show a restlessness, a wild desire for change as such, a dissatisfaction with whatever is established, that startles the student, dismays the optimist, but makes the earnest worker set himself with renewed determination to the redemption of society.

Easter Sunday falls this year so near to the date of the anniversary of the death of Abraham Lincoln that the mind naturally couples the thought of the martyred President with the glorious promise of immortality centering in the Easter festival. Lincoln and Immortality! How surely but unconsciously the simple, kindly life of the gentle, strong, and earnest man, with his rare judgment and almost prescient brain, made for an immortal name. "Saint Lincoln" surely will find his place these Lenten days, and indeed for all time to come, in every calendar where a sacrificing, pure, and Christ-like life is the test for saintship.

Organization is the passion of this age. Man has learned that only by the concentration and co-operation of forces can he hope to accomplish his highest social aims. But in this reaction against the individualistic creeds of other centuries we have come upon a new danger,—the risk of submersion of the individual in an ocean of clubs. Women especially are given to what Colonel Higginson calls overclubbableness. They seem to be rapidly coming to the point where they cannot darn a stocking, read a poem, engage a servant, walk a mile, except through the medium of a club. Any one of them does not seem to have the conviction and the courage and strength to do a thing by herself. For these dependent ones THE NEW UNITY proposes a new club,—a club for the prevention of clubs.

The last letter written by Coventry Patmore was to the Omar Khayyam Club of London, regretting his inability to attend its quarterly meeting. He said: "If I had been able to be with you, while I feasted among you . . . I should have delighted with you in all that Omar says about what concerns priests and formal religions. All poets and prophets have hated priests,—as a class,—and it has been their vocation from the first to expose 'ecclesiasticism.'" This is a true word. For it is the divine impulse of the soul toward freedom and its direct unmediated communion with truth that make possible the poet and the prophet.

Once again the country is appalled by the suffering and devastation in the Mississippi Valley. The old story of fields inundated, plantations submerged, orchards rotting, houses swept away, families divided, lives lost, is being told. Destruction, starvation, death, all the horrors that come each year in less or greater measure to the river lands, are playing havoc now. What is that human proneness to the repetition of recognized error which leads men to go back again and again to the places where they have met disaster and sorrow, and where disaster and sorrow surely will meet them again when spring loosens the waters? "But if our all is there?" they say. Yes, but that is not true in thousands of cases of those who are not landholders. The allurements of a rich and smiling valley are greater than their foresight or prudence. They settle down in a comfortable present, willfully forgetting the grim lessons of experience, and deluding themselves with a soft optimistic faith that somehow another year's flood will pass them by. It has been so in every clime and every age. Every awful eruption of Vesuvius has been followed by the founding of new villages on its sunny lower slopes. "It will not come again in our lifetimes," the easy-going and hopeful villagers think. To-day the gay town of modern Pompei stands beside the warning ghost of old Pompei, with never a tremor and never a gasp. It was so in A.D. 78. The voice of Cassandra, even when she proclaims the certain, the inevitable teachings of experience, is always answered by the voice of mockery, and foolish optimism is serene in the faith of its own exemption from the impending ruin.

It is with profound sorrow that we are called upon to announce the death of Professor Edson Sewell Bastin, which occurred on Tuesday, April 6th, in Philadelphia. In the death of Professor Bastin, liberal thought loses one of its earliest, most consistent, and courageous advocates. At the breaking out of the war, he enlisted as a private in one of the Wisconsin regiments, but was soon raised to the rank of captain. He served throughout the war, and at its close entered the old Chicago University and prepared himself for the ministry. He became interested in science, and soon found that he was unable to believe what he was expected to preach; he therefore abandoned the ministry, but accepted the position of a teacher of science in the university. Owing to his liberal interpretation of scientific truths as he understood them, he became obnoxious to the president of the university and was forced to resign. The ideas for which he was forced out of that institution are now universally accepted by educated men of whatever religious belief. He was an ardent disciple of Darwin, and did much toward establishing and disseminating the truths of evolution. After leaving the Chicago University, he was successively professor of chemistry, then of botany and materia medica, in the Chicago College of Pharmacy; professor of botany in the Northwestern University School of Pharmacy, resigning that three years ago to accept the same position in the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, which position he held at the time of his death. Thus Chicago's educational interests lost a man they could ill afford to spare.

Personally, Professor Bastin was one of the most lovable of men. The writer knew him very intimately for fifteen years, and never was he known to do a thing or say a word not worthy the very highest type of man. He was a close student, and truly an encyclopædia of information; scarcely a scientific subject could be mentioned about which he did not have a fund of accurate information, yet so modest and unassertive as to be somewhat difficult to get acquainted with. He commanded the respect of every one, and was loved by all who really knew him. As a teacher, he exacted from all his students their best efforts. Being perfectly honest and upriight hmself, he expected the same qualities in others, and was thus likely to be imposed upon. He was not an accumulator of money, and left but little to his family.

He fully appreciated the unequal struggle imposed upon the mass of the people by the defective economic conditions of our civilization, but was optimistic to a very unusual degree.

One of earth's noblemen is gone, but the world's work must go steadily on; though the stream of life is scarcely rippled by the passing of this worker, yet, in the hearts of his friends, there is left a void which can never be filled.

Crowded Out.

In the richness of our life in a city full of such varied interests and the activities which they promote — civic, ecclesiastical, social, scientific, literary, artistic — we are apt to lose something else that is one of the happiest and most helpful experiences of the heart — the old-fashioned friendships,

with their fireside reunions, their quickenings of sympathy and comprehension, their hours of simple converse. Who can remember a day when he, in Chicago, has entered his neighbor's home by chance, talked dispassionately yet earnestly of things small and great, drunk his tea, stirred his fire, read his books with him, comforted his little sorrow, and rejoiced for his little happiness? These things are passing away from us, and we must journey to older and smaller cities and to the country to find them. Our life here is too complicated, too intense, too absorbing, to leave for our leisure hours — and they are so few — the capacity for anything but utter weariness and racked nerves.

We are a kindly, loving people, vitally interested in each other and all humanity; but for the "small, sweet courtesies," we are too busy, too rushed, too worried, too tired. It is easy for us to meet each other in business, personal or altruistic; it is easy for us to meet each other on dress-parade, when lights, music, laughter, stimulate our jaded faculties to the point of brilliancy; but when we are urged on by neither duty nor excitement, we must subside into an exhaustion and an irritability that make us utterly unfit for sweet and homely intercourse with those who are dear to us. We are constantly apologizing for the letter that ought to have been written, the visit that ought to have been made, the service that ought to have been performed. We wanted, we longed, to do these things, but we "did n't have time."

Even the home life is being encroached upon, and where it has all the semblance of its old charm, yet it is not often the spontaneous expression of the family life, but a struggle to uphold an ideal.

Says Wordsworth:

> "The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
> The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless
> Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers."

Our city is flooded with the light of countless heavenly stars; but the ceaseless beating of hurrying feet will trample down any hardy blossom that pushes its little head up through the hard earth.

The Eternal Life.

The eternal life is a quality rather than a quantity. It must be measured by intensity, not by duration. It is the life of love, of beauty, of truth, immortal because love, beauty, and truth are immortal. If we would find the eternal life, we must clothe ourselves with law, not with miracle. We must bring ourselves into league with the Infinite will. We must forget our celestial expectations, in a great desire to make ourselves and others more worthy of a still more abundant life. The power in the life of Jesus is explained by the words "love" and "helpfulness." The eternal life to Him was the life with God then and there, by the sea-shore, on the mountain side, in the busy city, anywhere, everywhere. "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Behave yourself, enlarge your being, increase your power of usefulness, learn to feel the woes of others, catch the secret of the spring-time; grow, bud, bloom, and bear fruit. In this quest for the eternal life, cherish the Bible for the truth it contains; but remember that life is more than Bibles, as deeds are more than texts. You may believe every word from Genesis to Revelation, and still be a mean, small soul, to which immortality would be a calamity. So naked and shivering you would be in the presence of the Eternal that you would pray for the mountains to cover you. You may believe in Jesus as able and willing to pay all the debt you owe, and still be wanting in the simplest elements of the eternal life, sense and sensibility, the power of thought and feeling, the thirst of the human heart for love, the passion of the human soul for truth. We must believe in the eternal life, because we believe in eternal verities. We shall be immortal in so far as we stand for eternal realities. Let others rejoice in their Easter hopes because the Book tells them that Jesus rose from the dead. We will celebrate the Easter festival because we believe the Spirit that preached the Sermon on the Mount and taught the parable of the good Samaritan and the prodigal son, never died, and never can die. We are often asked why we, who discard the thought of a supernatural Jesus, who deny his sacrificial character and his priestly atonement, who disbelieve that the body once dead and buried will ever be resurrected in the old form, should celebrate the Easter festival. The surprise ought to be that those who believe in an exclusive Christian revelation should have use for a festival so much older than Christianity, so saturated with what they would call pagan life and thought.

The wonder is that they should make exclusive argument for immortality out of the story of Jesus's resurrection, while similar stories cluster around the name and fame of so many of earth's noble ones. We celebrate Easter by a prior right; ours is the primal claim; for the Easter thought rests upon a foundation so ancient that it makes modern Jesus and Paul. We find its beginnings away back on the Assyrian plains, where the shepherds began first to count the stars, to watch the movements of the sun, and mark the mystery of the seasons. When the children gathered the early crocuses and the birds began to woo their mates and build their nests, the venerable patriarch gathered his family about him in the open air and prostrated himself before the setting sun in special thanksgiving for the new life of the springtime. There was the first Easter service. It appeared again in the valley of the Nile, when Osiris, the Nile-god, overflowed the waiting fields and fertilized the earth. Here the first Lent was

observed with fastings and solemn rites, and when the first green wheat-blades appeared above the ground the worshipers of Isis broke forth in song. This was the spring rejoicing, so natural and dear to the heart of man that it crept into the rites of the Hebrews in spite of their hatred of Egypt, and so the old feast with a new name and a new meaning became the Passover of our Hebrew Bible. Its roots are deeper than historic Christianity. Its joys nestle close to the heart of humanity.

We may not believe in that bodily resurrection which the orthodox creeds assert, but we do believe in the uprising spirit and the eternal progress typified in the valley and on the hill-slope, partially realized in the career of humanity, promised by all the prophets of God past and present, and testified to by all the seers of the race. The Easter of the risen body is a feeble solo sung by a sect or a creed. The Easter of the uprising soul is a grand chorus of all the nations of the world.

Editorial Correspondence.

To the Readers of the New Unity —

Dear Friends:

The first number of the new volume is before me here in Florence, and it startles me with my own over-venturesome chirography on the first page, and the daring hope and high purposes of our new publisher on the next. I need not tell you how my heart rejoices in his courage, and how ready my hand and head will be to co-operate with him, once this happy flight to this Holy Land of Beauty is over, and I am back again in a world that will seem doubly new, a land whose inspirations are in the future and not in the past, whose greatest glories are yet to be achieved, her higher triumphs yet to be accomplished. I try not to be impatient — there will be time enough to work and to help after my return. Meanwhile, I rest in the grateful assurance of the loyalty of the old helpers, and I know that willing and competent hands are guarding and advancing the interests of The New Unity, and that together they are serving its faithful and loving readers with freshness, courage, and skill.

I stop in my sightseeing just to send this greeting and a few hurried notes to relieve my own overburdened heart, if for no other joy. All has been fair and most enjoyable thus far with me since I left Chicago. Even the terrors of the ocean, which were great to this landsman, who is neither by training nor temperament amphibious, were reduced to the minimum. Thanks, perhaps, to three or four "*infallible preventives*" for seasickness, its agonies were almost unknown. Unfortunately, as all the "preventives" were tried, I am unable to determine which was the effective one for the benefit of future seafaring tourists. The long route by the Mediterranean gave thirteen great days on board the palatial North German steamer, time enough to make friends of the heterogeneous company that was gathered in the cabins of the good steamship *Ems*, with its gracious Captain Neirich, who entertained like a lordly gentleman his guests upon the high seas. The company was decidedly clerical: a pilgrim band of thirty-five or more, chiefly American Baptists, was en route for Palestine. Six or seven of this band were ministers, a fact which did not militate against their genial humanity and cosmopolitan and inter-denominational sympathies. There were Sunday services both Sundays, the first by the venerable president of the Newton Theological Seminary of Newton, Massachusetts, who, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, was going to see with his own eyes the land which he has spent his life in interpreting. The second Sunday the preaching was by the editor of this paper. On the 4th of March there was an inauguration procession, marshaled by a Boston "major," led by a German band, marching through the cabins and halls of the floating city. In the evening there were patriotic speeches, the whole closing with an inaugural ball. There on No Man's land and upon Everybody's Water American patriotism naturally bloomed into its noblest proportions, which can be nothing less than a passion for humanity, a love of all nations which makes the world one's country, and all men one's fellow-citizens.

In mid-voyage the eyes rested upon the Azores. In due time with Browning we exclaimed:

> Nobly, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the northwest died away;
> Sunset ran one glorious blood-red reeking into Cadiz Bay;
> Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
> In the dimmest northeast distance dawned Gibraltar, grand and gray.

For six hours we lay under the frowning heights of Gibraltar, the harbor grim with no less than twelve of England's awful ships of war, great instruments of destruction, mighty machines planned by highest science to carry devastation and woe to human hearts. Gibraltar, for all its beauty and tropic charms, was a depressing and distracting vision. The impregnable galleries were traversed, the numberless cannon were noted, but they led the mind of at least one visitor, not back to past triumphs, but forward to the day when these tunnels, built with so much labor, protected at so much cost, will be the rendezvous of bats and owls, abandoned by not a fallen England, but by a glorified England — an England that will have done with war, finding her greatness resting more securely in the invulnerable fastnesses of justice and love than in Gibraltar and ironclad navies.

I saw Naples, and did not die. It is a good introduction to museums and galleries, that great National Gallery at Naples, in which are gathered the countless and inestimable treasures of Pompeii and

Herculaneum. I climbed Vesuvius, and poked my stick into the river of red lava that now pours itself out of the restless side rather than from the top of the uneasy mountain.

And then Rome! A whole week of cloudless sky and almost continuous exploration. Rome is delightful as a new city, it is inspiring as the pontifical city of Christendom, but it is overwhelming as the great capital of the pagan world: not St. Peter's, but the Pantheon, is the shrine at which my heart shrived itself with the most profound emotions. The Colosseum, still magnificent in its ruined state, represents a world of life, a measure of the human soul which dwarfs the 480 churches of the would-be Christian Rome. Rome, the papal city, whose streets are still black with monks and whose ecclesiasticism besets you on every side, is still a mighty, a sublime factor in civilization; but the humble statue of Giordano Bruno in Ratg-market Square, standing on the spot where the man of science was burned nearly three hundred years ago, the great Garibaldi equestrian statue on the Janiculum hill looking proudly down on St. Peter's, the loving mementoes to Mazzini, Cavour, and Victor Emmanuel, found in so many places, represent the future Rome more than the marble hosts of cardinals and endless processions of dead saints which one meets everywhere.

I do not forget that these latter represent the religious instincts of the human heart, the most permanent forces in the human soul; but they represent them as resting upon miracle, not upon law. They are based upon a supernaturalism that breaks *through* rather than blooms *out of* nature; hence they must pass away in the interest of or be transferred into that religion illuminated by the stars, glorified by the human form divine, and transformed by the quenchless passion of the human heart for justice and liberty, which is best represented in Rome by the mementoes just referred to, and by the battered fragments, the torsos of humanity, which have been rescued from the vandalism of the well-meaning but unenlightened Christian centuries. For a thousand years the Colosseum was the quarry in which the "Christian Rome" found building materials: its marble columns were burned for lime, its bronze ornaments were melted, to be run again into cruder molds, the iron clamps were torn from its sides, leaving countless scars, to be beaten into other uses; but still, as I saw it in the tender moonlight, it was all gracious — the moon concealed the vandalism of man, while it revealed the imperishable lines of art, the sublime outlines of architectural genius. The Pantheon has been spoiled to decorate St. Peter's; now it is embellished with altars and shrines, but its most fitting modern contents are the tombs of Raphael and Victor Emmanuel. There is another tomb of Cardinal "Somebody"; comparatively few care for his name, but everybody delights to know that it is the product of Thorwaldsen's chisel.

And of Florence what can I say? I stop in the middle of my week's study to write these words. I have been through the labyrinths of Uffizi and Pitti, I have climbed Giotto's tower, and I have been at Theodore Parker's grave. More I cannot now say.

I hope these words will reach you in time for the Easter number. May it be redolent with the Easter hope that rests on the imperishable laws of the universe, the unbending order of Nature, which is the perfect law of God! When at Rome I visited the Catacombs of St. Calyxtus, where the early Christians laid their bones in the lively hope of immortality, resting upon the thought of an ascended Saviour. In the dank caverns are still to be seen the crude frescoes of Jonah emerging from the whale's mouth, and many other symbols of the same kind, indicative of the ascent from the tomb. On my way back that evening I stopped at the little Protestant cemetery and read by the light of the setting sun the pathetic inscription upon poor Keats' grave:

"Here lies one whose name is writ in water;"

the lines which Trelawney had inscribed upon the slab which marks the spot where Shelley's ashes lie:

"Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange;"

and this beautiful verse upon the tomb of John Addington Symonds, the man who has taught us the meaning of the Renaissance, and who did so much to bring back the ancient inspirations of Art. They are his own translation from the Greek poet Cleanthes:

"Lead Thou me, God; law, reason, motion, life,
All names alike for Thee are vain and hollow;
Lead me, for I will follow without strife,
Or if I strive, still must I blindly follow."

It is needless to say that at these latter tombs did I find the more satisfying assurance, the larger hope, the diviner trust.

When Easter day comes I hope to be with you in America, and I send these hurried words in advance, that on that day I may seem to be at my accustomed place, not only for the nearer circle of All Souls Church, but to the wider, and I trust a rapidly increasing circle — the loving and loyal congregation of THE NEW UNITY.

I am ever brotherly yours,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

FLORENCE, ITALY, March 24, 1897.

A grain of corn is very small,
'T is scarcely anything at all;
But sow a handful of them wide,
And you will reap, at harvest-tide,
A plenteous heap of ripened gold,
More than your joyful arms can hold.

A trifling kindness here and there
Is but a simple, small affair;
Yet, if your life has sown them free,
Wide shall your happy harvest be,
Of friends, of love, of sweet good-will,
That still renews, and gladdens still.

—Priscilla Leonard, in Churchman.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

The Happy Eastertide.

Once again the Easter season
Comes with happiness and cheer,
Proving frost-bound sorrow treason,
To its hopeful message clear:
For it tells in tones supernal,
"*Death is but the gate of life;*"
Yes, of *life* that is *eternal*,
Blessed comfort after strife:
All the ages have believed it,
Held it as the truth of God;
Men afar in faith received it,
Seeing flowers deck the sod.
So in rich and saintly gladness,
List the bells of Easter ring;
Put away dark fear and sadness;
Have the spirit of the Spring!

We have held as long to sorrow,
Even as the winter wild,
Hopeless of the brighter morrow,
Like a willful weeping child:
We have mourned for our departed,
(Yet they ever dearer grow),
We have been so lonely-hearted,
And refused earth's joy to know;
But with Easter sunshine beameth,
From beyond the skies above;
Light across our pathway streameth,
Showing us the home of love.
Then arise in saintly gladness,
Into space your sorrows fling;
Have no friendship with old sadness,
Show the spirit of the Spring!

Now the flowers in beauty waken,
Now the birds return with song;
Places desert-like forsaken,
Find companionship and tongue:
Leaves upon the trees are showing,
Blossoms crown the orchards gay,
Grass and seed to glory growing
Give assurance of the May.
'Tis a new and rich creation;
We as common goodness see,
Sent to every tribe and nation,
Word of love's eternity:
Then rejoice with Easter pleasure,
While the bells in blessing ring;
Show like earth life's hidden treasure —
Have the spirit of the Spring!

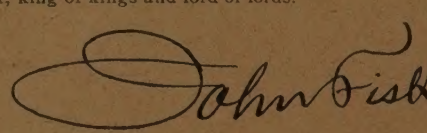
Man was made this joy to cherish,
Spite of all that would deny;
"Nothing good can ever perish,"
Is the message from the sky.
Thus we learn to leave our sadness,
And to welcome nature's cheer;
We are filled with heavenly gladness
In the springtide of hope's year.
God annuls the drear and dreary,
Speaking to the souls of men,
"O my children, be not weary,
All your flowers come again.
What seems lost is for the better,
Futures fair its worth shall bring;
I awaken and unfetter
All the sleeping in love's Spring!"

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Immortality.

"I believe in the immortality of the soul, not in the sense in which I accept the demonstrable truths of science, but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work. Such a belief, relating to regions quite inaccessible to experience, cannot, of course, be clothed in terms of definite and tangible meaning. For the experience which alone can give us such terms we must await that solemn day which is to overtake us all. The belief can be most quickly defined by its negation, as the refusal to believe that this world is all. The materialist holds that when you have described the whole universe of phenomena of which we can become cognizant under the conditions of the present life, then the whole story is told. It seems to me, on the contrary, that the whole story is not thus told. I feel the omnipresence of mystery in such wise as to make it far easier for me to adopt the view of Euripides, that what we call death may be but the dawning of true knowledge and of true life. The greatest philosopher of modern times, the master and teacher of all who shall study the process of evolution for many a day to come, holds that the conscious soul is not the product of a collocation of material particles, but is in the deepest sense a divine effluence. According to Mr. Spencer, the divine energy which is manifested throughout the knowable universe is the same energy that wells up in us as consciousness. Speaking for myself, I can see no insuperable difficulty in the notion that at some period in the evolution of Humanity this divine spark may have acquired sufficient concentration and steadiness to survive the wreck of material forms and endure forever. Such a crowning wonder seems to me no more than the fit climax to a creative work that has been ineffably beautiful and marvelous in all its myriad stages.

"Only on some such view can the reasonableness of the universe, which still remains far above our finite power of comprehension, maintain its ground. There are some minds inaccessible to the class of considerations here alleged, and perhaps there always will be. But on such grounds, if on no other, the faith in immortality is likely to be shared by all who look upon the genesis of the highest spiritual qualities in Man as the goal of Nature's creative work. This view has survived the Copernican revolution in science, and it has survived the Darwinian revolution. Nay, if the foregoing exposition be sound, it is Darwinism which has placed Humanity upon a higher pinnacle than ever. The future is lighted for us with the radiant colors of hope. Strife and sorrow shall disappear. Peace and love shall reign supreme. The dream of poets, the lesson of priest and prophet, the inspiration of the great musician, is confirmed in the light of modern knowledge; and as we gird ourselves up for the work of life, we may look forward to the time when, in the truest sense, the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever, king of kings and lord of lords."



Seeing the Lord.

The apostolic account of the resurrection of Christ is the concrete statement of the apostolic belief in the reality of life after death. It is the symbol of immortality. But immortality is far more than resurrection and post-mortem existence. That, if it were all, would be but a barren fact. Merely to live again, to awake from death as one awakes from sleep,—that alone would be but a poor issue of this toilful, struggling, aspiring, much-baffled life. But to live on through death into the realization and fulfillment of the prophetic intimations of this life; to rise out of weakness and weariness in strength; to see ideals that here at once entice and torment us by their unattainable beauty becoming the realized forms of thought and feeling and action; to have scope for the highest energy within us, that now often is so cribbed and fettered; to attain the sight of that excellence, faint glimmerings of which now

glorify our purest dreams; to grasp the truths that now elude our most strenuous endeavors; to rise in assured victory above the sin that now defiles and oppresses us; to win the holiness that now seems so hopelessly unattainable; to complete the fellowships that now are so fragmentary and imperfect; to escape the bars and shoals that here perplex our voyaging, and float clear out on the great sea of divine life; after all the "broken lights" and fitful gleams that have cheered our hearts in this earthly experience, to possess the full and glorious vision of God;—*this* is to find life's true and adequate fulfillment, and to transform death into life's great liberator, and the pulseless sleep of the grave into the rest and solvent bath out of which we rise into the freshness and force of immortal youth; this is to attain the "great salvation" which is adequate to the highest hopes that God has inspired in the human heart and which worthily fulfills the ministry and passion of our Lord.

Truly this is somewhat of the meaning that lies deep in the historic belief in Jesus' resurrection. Seeing somewhat of this truth is what keeps alive in the hearts of men the hopes that neither sin nor sorrow, neither disappointment nor pain, neither doubt nor death, have ever been able utterly to quench. "We are saved by hope," and humanity continues to hope because, however faintly and distortedly, humanity, with ever-growing power of vision, does "see the Lord,"—not merely the historic Jesus of Nazareth, but the universal Christ of God, who ever lives in the world which he has redeemed, slowly but surely filling it with divine light and life, and making every Easter day a prophecy and pledge of the final triumph of the grace and kingdom of God.

Come then, O weary, struggling soul; take the good message which this Easter day brings to you. "The Lord is risen indeed!" Let him rise anew in your heart with messages of peace and ministries of power, and let your prayer and aspiration be, with the apostle, that you "may attain unto the resurrection from the dead." Let hope mount victorious over fear and sorrow. Let joy come on the wings of hope, and, seeing the Lord by faith, let hope and joy, the gifts and tokens of His presence, gird you for eager endeavor or patient endurance until the night passes, the clouds break, and the day dawns that shall witness the perfect revelation of his glorious beauty and the perfect fulfillment of God's redeeming purpose.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., April 7, 1897. PHILIP S. MOXOM.

The Perfect Easter.

The perfect Easter is the culmination of a hope as old as humanity. Its roots draw their nourishment from all the realms of human experience. The robust joys of the old nature-worship, in recognition of the new life everywhere abounding at this vernal season, flamed upward into a feeling of life's fateful bounds and mysterious destiny. In the midst of praise, man indulged in prophecy. While enjoying the glorious fullness of the passing day, he remembered his need of a permanent habitation. Amid the joys of a new earth, hope lifted his thoughts to a life in a new and better world beyond the grave. In the discovery of his own spiritual estate,—the mind with its marvelous web of thought, the heart with its inexhaustible affections, the conscience with its authoritative commands, the soul with its glowing ideals and vast yearnings,—in these "spiritualities" man finds the intimations of something more than a passing show. A look inward is a vision heavenward. A realization of what he is as a spiritual being is to man a revelation of everlasting life.

In association with the master spirits of our race, who have had a genius for holiness and the gift of prophecy, the people have found the confirmation of their expectations of a future life. Sublime characters have lighted up the dark places and made mourners see through their tears the bow of promise and the portals of futurity. And then to this ascending hope, Jesus of Nazareth added the power and beauty of his divine personality. He spread abroad the assurance of immortality, because his own character impressed the people as deathless. He deepened man's confidence in Heaven to a certainty, because he lived the heavenly life.

We carry our Easter joy, then, to perfection by laying hold of all the manifold riches of human experience. We bring into our chorus every voice that has proclaimed great things for the human soul. We lay under tribute every saintly life that has illustrated the triumph of the spiritual over the animal. We call to our aid, in the season of joy and hope, every saint who has demonstrated the supremacy of the imperishable elements of our common nature. We rejoice that God has nowhere left himself without witnesses among men, and we unite their testimonies to confirm our yearnings. We visit every altar where the Living God has been worshiped, to strengthen our hold upon the life everlasting. We gather all the texts that pulsate with hope that our confidence in the immortal life may be deepened.

And when we make the circuit of the world, we come home to Jesus with a fresh love and a new appreciation. So that, taught by him, we learn the secret of life. Our immortality will seem most certain, when, in love, we help others to a diviner estate. Our Easter will seem most sweet and beautiful, when, through it, we raise some heart to purer feeling and nobler service. JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER.

The Passover Feast.

I preach *Christ our Passover* on this Easter or Pascal or Passover Sunday.

Hebrew and Christian are joined in the observances of these days. The Hebrew piously retraces the lines of history, and so preserves the type. The instructed Christian watches for the fulfillment—the antitype—which began when Jesus said: With desire have I desired to eat THIS passover with you before I suffer. On the Easter, pascal, passover feast, the Holy Catholic Church will yet stand united.

Well might Paul say, *Christ our Passover is slain.* The Easter feast, the passover feast, is the celebration upon which the Holy Catholic Church, which began at Abel, was constituted in Abraham, was organized in Moses, endowed with a priesthood in the line of Aaron, came to empire and a liturgy in David, and to splendor in Solomon, was scattered in the captivities, regathered in hectic glory at Jerusalem—the Holy Catholic Church, which is yet to be redeemed out of all the world, will recognize Jesus Christ our Passover, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

I remind you that the pious instinct of Israel holds fast the splendors of the type, and looks for the rebuilding of Jerusalem and the return of Israel to the Holy Land. I remind you that the river Jordan has found lodgment in our hymns; our sentimental poets are singing of death as a river. Canaan the Holy Land, Jerusalem the Golden, are phrases which have found place alike among our raptured poets and our unlettered slaves—wrought into the very fabric of our faith, as I think, by the Spirit of God.

And as in the feast of first-fruits, for many generations in that happy land of promise flowing with milk and honey, the pious of Israel were wont to select the plumpest grain, wheat, and barley; the earliest, most vigorous fruit, grapes, pomegranates, and figs; and the more enduring stores, dates and olives; and, choosing the best of every kind, were wont to gather them together, and upon an appointed day of gladness, shouldering each man his basket, set forth at early morning with songs toward the Holy City. Smiling villagers whom they passed greeted them with welcome. Music and garlands led them to and into the Holy City. Levites with psalms of welcome met them on the hillside; and each man, bearing the evidence of a God-given prosperity, drew near to the very altar and was blessed. Standing before the priest, each said for himself, I acknowlege, I profess that my father was a starving Syrian ready to perish. He went down into Egypt and suffered there. The Lord brought us forth, He brought us into this land, and now behold I have brought the "first-fruits" which Thou, O Lord, hast given me.

So, with these pious, joyous, exulting rites before his eyes, Paul the Apostle, Hebrew of the Hebrews, writes to the Corinthians and to us: "And now is Christ risen from the dead and become the 'first-fruits' of them that slept." Out of the Egypt of this world, upon every household of which death has

passed, Jesus, the Christ, met more than half way by throngs of welcoming angels, ascended up to the heavenly Jerusalem, and was welcomed there by them, who do always the will of our Father. And that psalm of exultation begun in the heavenly place that the gracious purposes which He purposed before the foundation of the world, and promised by the mouth of all the prophets since the world began, He hath graciously fulfilled. Christ, the *first-fruits*; afterward, they that are His. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. They cannot die any more, but are as the angels, being the children of the resurrection.

As in the original passover feast the little children with great eyes wondered, and young men and maidens questioned, saying, "What mean you by these services?" and were answered: so I have entertained the hope that with growing intelligence, while we hasten to beautify and to glorify our Easter festivals with exultant music and efflorescence of joy, we may pass a little season together and before God, and think profoundly upon the magnificent plans of God, until we sense new meaning and intelligent hope and promise in the words: *Christ our Passover is slain. Now is Christ risen from the dead and from the first-fruits.* THOMAS K. BEECHER.

Immortality a Rational Certainty.

What some thinkers among believers as well as skeptics, hold, that immortality is the doctrine in the Christian system which especially needs external verification, seems to me the reverse of the truth. The question Is there a life beyond the grave which can identify itself as having previously existed here? is a question which in the nature of things no external or historical testimony can ever settle beyond dispute. Such testimony could at the most only certify to a particular instance of such survival. We need to know that there is a general law of survival. For the reality of such a law there can in the nature of things be but one witness. *Life itself* is the conclusive witness to the nature of life. We accept the witness which animal life bears to its ephemeral nature, when we see it shrink instinctively from death as its destroyer. We must equally accept the witness of moral life to its eternal nature, when we see it (as in the martyrs) instinctively welcome death as its deliverer from defilement. The phenomena of moral life convincingly exhibit in the midst of the world a kind of life, where independence of the world sufficiently attests its exemption from the evanescence of the world.

Scientists tell us, with Professor Tyndall, that we must believe in the luminiferous ether, on the purely rational ground that it is a necessary postulate for the explanation of the phenomena of light. For precisely the same reason we must believe in immortality. Life to come is a necessary postulate for the rational explanation of the phenomena of moral life in the present. The presence in this world of a kind of life which grows by dying to what animal life lives by, discloses that general law of survival we are seeking. Its law of detachment from the world exempts it from the world's law of dissolution. JAMES M. WHITON.

BROOKLYN.

Resurrection.

"Thank God for the resurrection thoughts which the spring months bring to us! We die to live again. We die that we may live again. Nothing is quickened save it die. Mortality is the condition of all immortality. What echoes we have wakened of this truth! The opening spring prints it off on every hillside in illuminated text of leaf and flower. The suns in the heaven are blazing it. The nations in their history repeat it. The sin-experience in which we first find God reveals it. The passing moment of each man's and woman's life is ringing gladly with it. Our dead friend's memory recalls it. The mystery of each instant's life flashes it far backward through the past, far forward through the future. We find, as always with these central facts of Nature, that the best and highest meaning of the truth belongs to ourselves,—so completely is Man a part of all, so completely is all represented in Man. Our word 'Resurrection' seems to concentrate the history of the universe, to whisper the secret of the life of God!"

WILLIAM C. GANNETT, IN "A YEAR OF MIRACLE."

Unrecognized.

When we have gone within the veil that hides
From mortal ken the lost of other days,
Amid the pure transparence of those rays
Wherein, unseen, the Light of Life abides,
Shall we indeed from out the luminous tides
Of spirits surging through those mystic ways
Full surely know — O, joy beyond all praise! —
Each waiting friend? So heart to heart confides
Its secret pain. But one of clearest sight,
So questioned, answered: "While we still are here
Earth-pent, how often do we recognize,
For what they are, the spirits, pure and bright,
Close at our sides? How not for heaven fear
When mortal vapors wrap in such disguise?"

—*John White Chadwick.*

The Essential Christ.

The past has placed too much emphasis upon the physical resurrection of Jesus, just as it has upon the literal rising of all human bodies. Bishop Foster of the Methodist Church, and many other orthodox preachers, no longer believe in a material resurrection. Why, then, claim that the body of Jesus arose? As a matter of fact, it is not now verifiable, one way or the other; we may have our opinions, our beliefs; but it is not possible for minds in this far-off time to positively either affirm or deny. Nor is it important that they should; the vital truth is, that the real personality, the essential Christ, lived after the death of the body, and in some real way appeared to the disciples; and the still larger truth is, that the Christ lives in millions of hearts to-day; "Christ in you, the hope of glory"; and that the great heart of humanity is rising to the Christ-life of the suffering of love to save. H. W. THOMAS.

An Easter Thought.

No one can know how much the night betters the day who has not gone to bed weary and awakened rested and refreshed. After a week of east winds, low clouds, too abundant rain, everybody anxious over the damage done by floods,—how joyful is the sight of blue sky over our heads; how pleasant a thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun; the grass is more deliciously green than ever,—it has never a bath too much,—while the magnolia tree in our park, a tree graciously spared by the tornado of last May, is full of blossoming beauty.

"The significance and grace of manifest intention" is everywhere; an intention of life, of beauty, of gladness. Who can miss the significance of this ever-returning joy and grace? Who can fail to see in it a prophecy of the renewed life of the soul after its apparent rest of death? The grace of this manifest intention lifts us triumphantly above loss and sorrow and gives to this Easter time, so tenderly associated with the belief in a glorified humanity, a glowing hope that every life shall be a lordly conqueror over evil, and sin, and death.

When, after our dreadful storm of last year, we looked at our pretty Lafayette Park, we said it was ruined; a thousand trees have been planted since then, and the buds of their leaves are already unfolding; in watching the growth of these new trees we shall find some compensation for the fall of the old and well-loved maples and elms, and realize anew the bounty of nature's resources.

This yearly return of all that is most excellent, in spite of the worst that wind, and storm, and winter, and death can do, is the strongest guarantee that "*having had* means having forever"; that all things are ours, for we are partakers in the life of the Great Giver. L. W. L.

The Father's house is mansioned fair,
Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are his, and here or there
Are living unto him.

—F. L. HOSMER.

Conditional Immortality.

The ethical movement makes no declaration about immortality, but my private belief, which I am free to express on an ethical platform, as elsewhere, is, that no one dies absolutely who is worth preserving, and that the measure of worth is the existence in us of a good will,—a will, that is, set on good, loving it, and striving to realize it in every form. Such a will has a worth to which no limits can be set in time or eternity. But the self-centered, the unresponsive, and the lawless are like chaff that is only fit to be cast into the fire. I hold to the substance of the Christian traditions in this respect.

WILLIAM M. SALTER.

The Return.

One of the tenderest human touches of the story of the resurrection is in connection with that of the weeping Mary at the empty sepulcher. To the inquiry, "Why weepest thou?" she replied: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." The pathos of Christianity lies in the same fact which confronted the sorrowing women—He has been taken away, hidden from the sight and placed beyond the fellowship of his followers. They took him and his very religion away, and left their own creeds and ceremonies—left faith in theology, took away faith in humanity, in eternal goodness, in justice. Then, indeed the church became an empty sepulcher, a mere ecclesiastical organization, grasping all within its reach, and condemning all that followed not its counsel and conformed not to its usages. They took him away from the day of rest, and it became a day of gloom and weariness to the young, of labored worship to the old. They took him out of the natural life of men and women,—the life of love, good cheer, gladness,—and called worldly and profane what the heart named true, right, and natural. The world looked in upon all this and saw nothing but an empty sepulcher in the place where he had lived, taught, worked, blessed, and suffered, and it took up the old lament, "They have taken him away, I know not where."

The divineness of this life however became its own rescuer, and made a renaissance of Christianity inevitable and so it comes that the places that once knew him are again feeling the touch of his heavenly ministry and in the church and out of it, bitterness and despair, gloom and decay, are yielding to the light, the goodness, the upspringing gladness that was brought to the earth in his message to the waiting souls of men. Happy discoverers, they who have found him in these later days in that great parental heart of humanity—that is toiling gladly, bestowing cheerfully, suffering uncomplainingly, in the noble service of human betterment.

Childhood again feels that gentle hand laid upon it, and knows itself to be within the protection of strong and loving arms.

The Sabbath, that was made for man, feels the reanimating power and rich significance of the day of rest—a new sense of rest, that restores the weary mind, as well as body, the heart, the soul, the conscience. The church is feeling the influence of his return in the nobler spirit in which her children gather about her altar,—not impelled by fear, but drawn by love; not to conform to a ceremony, but to develop a life.

And thus it is that each returning Easter-tide is bringing more and more to the heart of the world the one lost and mourned in that early morning in the gray light of Christianity. In more perfect harmony the Easter-bells ring out the welcome return of this anniversary day. The Easter lilies of the simple chapel mingle their perfume with the incense that ascends from the high altar, and together they sweeten the air of both heaven and earth. Hand clasps hand in noble endeavor as the memory of his service stirs the heart to nobler sacrifices. Together hearts bow before the altar and grow tender and reverent, trustful and strong, as his spirit moves the spirit of the worshiper and the divine illumination dawns upon the spiritual vision.

And now there are no more tears at an empty sepulcher—the lost one is restored, and his kingdom is being set up in the heart of the world—the kingdom of peace, love, and righteousness.

FLORENCE KOLLOCK CROOKER.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid.

Saved by Hope.

"Ready to give a reason for the hope that is in you."

Concerning our hopes—those divine things that we live by—we all of us know that we are capable of hoping straight against all experience and all rational calculation. I wonder if you read in a recent paper that story of how the negroes in the South, who cannot read or write a word, come every night and stand patiently in long files at the post-office delivery-window, asking for letters. They never received a letter in their lives; there is no one who should write them any; no one in the great busy world outside their village who ever heard of them. And still they come, and still they wait, and the clerk shakes his head (let us hope, without impatience) at each one in turn; and they go quietly away, to return next evening and ask, "Anything for me?"

Perhaps we know too much about ourselves to sneer at these poor black men and women. And perhaps the wisest men and women cannot sneer at many of those human departures from what the philosopher is pleased to call rationality in opinion, conduct, sentiment, and hope—and would cheer us as we make shame-faced excuse, by observing that man is in truth a rational being, but that he is somewhat else, and more.

The truth is, that *all men hope*, and *live* by hope, however groundless or fantastical the hope may be. The man utterly bankrupt in hope is an alien in the world and hastens out of it. "One likes a beyond everywhere," says George Eliot. One simply must have a beyond. No present is good enough or big enough. Just as, by the laws of thought, we cannot think of any limited space without the question rising in our mind, "What lies beyond?" so it is in life. The little child, surrounded by his native hills, perpetually asks, What is beyond? and half his running away is born of the desire to find out. The "Wanderlust" of the youth is the same desire. And when the man has traversed the globe, and returns in age to his own fireside, the old, old question has not died in the brain. With intensified insistence the old, who have seen all the world and all its beauty, ask, "What lies beyond? beyond the horizon of life; beyond the hour when the sun which sees us shall see us no more?"

"For me! there must still be something for me," he says; "for others too; but oh! *for me!*"

But when we ask of various men and women their reasons for this hope, we have a strange array.

Here, the Jew will confute the Christian and the Christian the Jew, and the orthodox and progressive branches of either will confute each other. And again they all stand together in incredulity of the pretensions of the Spiritualist. And then the Agnostic confutes them all by his calm inquiry, "What do you *know* about this matter? Give me a reasonable reason, if you please"—(and then turns to nurse his own unreasoning hopes)! In the end, what is left of common ground for the hopers to stand on? All the arguments mutually destructive! Nothing left?

The Hope is left, and would create new reasons for itself were all of these destroyed. The hope is the vital thing. It is that which is *in* us. The reasons are outside—the garments which the hope made for itself, because it was ashamed to be naked. Others see the garments only, and we sometimes hide the hope from ourselves, and "smother it in robes of formal proof," knowing not what we do. But, as best it can, clothed as harlequin or saint, our Hope-Angel sings, and the song is this: "The things which are seen are but for a time. It is the unseen things that are eternal."

Request its credentials. It addresses itself not to any of the five senses, and in serene dignity asks for a higher sense in you with which it may have audience. Or it is like a high-minded lover who says: "If you cannot believe in me, I scorn

to bring proofs in which you may believe. That would not be belief in me." So the immortal hope sings: "Take me to your heart if there is something within you that vindicates me."

Bring it face to face with the false analogies that have been used in its defense. "Paul was wrong when he said, 'The seed is not quickened except it die.' The seed that dies is the one that is not quickened. There is no real analogy between the winter-sleep of plants with their spring resurrection, and the so-called sleep of death, which is not sleep, but is death." And the immortal hope makes answer: "Why should there be analogy between seed and soul? If the soul were like the seed, that were the end of hope. But being unlike, why do we try to think them like?"

Bring Hope face to face with the worst. Ask, "But how do you know there is Soul?" How do you know that what you call intellect and soul are not as purely the resultant of physical forces as are the functions of the plant?

And then Hope will bring you face to face with the worst. Perhaps she will ask you to stand by her side before that shelf in some of the great museums, where, in glass jars and vials, are to be found all the constituents of the human body, in due amounts — so much water, so much lime, so much iron, so much magnesia, sodium, phosphorus, arsenic—and so down the long line. Suppose this had once been the body of your brother. The Immortal Hope will ask: "Can you stand here and mourn these elements? Can you say: 'When this lime was built into a bony structure, and this water, mingled with this silicon and iron and sodium, was coursing through the solid walls of nitrogen and other substances now in those bottles there; and when this tiny vial of phosphorus was subtly distributed through the gray matter at the summit of this structure — then these elements, my brother, spoke to me and pressed my hand and loved. Then the contents of these bottles could perform most wonderful actions,— could calculate, remember, invent, create, love, suffer. This water used to drop in tears for my afflictions; this carbon to be breathed out in sighs for the unfortunate; this collection of fluid elements to surge upward in the red blood of indignation against the oppressor of the helpless. But my brother, by the carelessness of a druggist's clerk, chanced one day to acquire an overplus of arsenic among his elements, and this wondrous combination was ruined forever.'"

And then Hope quietly asks: "Does not the soul revolt at anything of this? Did you ever own these minerals in any combination as your brother? Was the love which bound his heart to yours, which denied and defied all the blind instincts of self-preservation, and would have given his life to save your own, nothing but the chemical action of material atoms? Is there no real difference between the plant which selfishly stretches out its branches, to drink in the sunlight and the air, — shading and stunting those beneath,— and the being capable of a glad surrender of all, even life itself, out of pure and disinterested love? Can it be that intelligence and affection perished in the separation of these elements?"

And to the stubborn question, "*How* shall a man live again?" Hope answers: "Is this more strange than that he should have lived at all? Shall we forget that 'life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be'? But here *is* life, with some seeming purpose to create nobleness in a man, to create character fit for more than the fleeting existence of a few short years. Shall we believe the end is naught?" Nay! Nay!

"The ship may sink
And I may drink
A hasty death in the bitter sea;
But all that I leave
In the ocean-grave
Can be slipped and spared, and no loss to me."

Thus Hope sings, not despising arguments — but soaring above arguments and sustaining the soul in those blank moments when arguments fail. *The ultimate reason for the hope that is in us is the hope itself* — our consciousness that it *is* in us. *And why?*

There is such a simple reason, which it needs no ingenuity to find out,— that each soul is just a spark of the Divine Life and feels,—perhaps dimly, perhaps at intervals,— but always feels the truth about itself, and is most happy and most free and most useful when it feels it most. Scientists tell us that the eye was once a mere pigment spot with nerves a little more sensitive or exposed than those around about. But the light falling upon that little spot quickened its sensitiveness and built, through countless ages, the wondrous human eye. So I believe this Immortal Hope has grown from its little germ by the eternal light of God's love and truth shining ever upon it; and as He who built the eye would not bring it to its perfection only to withdraw the light and leave it in utter darkness, so the Power which planted and has nurtured this hope will not mock us with a denial of its fruition.

This is our *hope*. But if we would have it grow to more than hope — if we would rest in it as a calm surety of the soul — if we would have an hourly consciousness of deathlessness — if we would feel — not "I have an immortal soul," but "I *am* an immortal soul," — *this* must be an achievement of *living*. With the perception and the love and the service of the Good comes, somehow, the conviction that that love and service can never die. If in our inmost selves we are commanded to speak the true word, to do the right deed, even though the body perish, then there must be something in us greater than the body, for the sake of which we are to sacrifice the body; and this something must be akin to the Immortal Principle which commands it. By giving our allegiance here, we may come into a "*sense of deathlessness*," such as no process of reasoning can give or take away. This is the "peace which passeth understanding."

This remember: *Immortality inheres in quality, not quantity*, of life. The yearning after the knowledge has given us greatness of soul. The fancied attainment of that knowledge by any short cut, rather than as an achievement of living, is liable to induce soul-paralysis. Witness the actual materialism of much that is called Spiritualism. Satisfied once for all of the fact, the growth as well as the growing-pains of the soul ceases.

Not thus, I must believe, is it ordained that we shall gain the longed-for peace. Let hope remain hope; faith, faith. If we would know more, let us remember that, if we are immortal, it is a present fact. We may best gain knowledge of the eternal life that is to be, by probing to the verities of the eternal life which now is. All existence is one. The Mystery is One. The only access to knowledge of the spiritual is to live spiritually. "To be is to know."

We are like those black men and women of the South. We feel shut in, we yearn for a message from the great beyond. We feel that something awaits us; we ask and ask — but nothing comes out of the strangeness and silence that surrounds us. But as that stubborn hope within them witnesses a hunger and a need, and fills us with faith that better things are possible to them — so, let us dare to hope for ourselves, that —

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty nor good nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
Whose eternity confirms the conceptions of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground, to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and by the bard —
Enough that He heard it once; we shall hear it by and by."

CAROLINE BARTLETT CRANE.

Dr. Abbott said recently: "In my judgment, our hypotheses must always be conformed to attested facts; we must not determine whether we will accept the evidence as to facts by considering whether they agree with our preconceived hypothesis. If I were convinced, for example, that the resurrection of Jesus Christ is not consistent with the doctrine of evolution, I should be compelled to abandon or modify that doctrine; I should not abandon my belief in the resurrection. That resurrection I regard as a *fact;* evolution as a theory— on the whole, the best theory of 'God's way of doing things' yet proposed by philosophic thinkers—the latest word and the best word of science, but not necessarily its last or final word.

Easter.

Through death to Life, and life forever one;
No break except in form, no real thing gone;
A daily dying to the outgrown things,
A daily rising with the growing wings.

All, all is Life, there is no death to fear;
All life is one,—Eternity is here.
Love gives a oneness never to be lost—
O, learn a perfect Love, whate'er its cost.

And with the deep'ning Love the sense will grow
Of presence of the loved one; and we know
Our spirits meet and blend, until at length
For life, and love, and work we 're given strength.

There is no death, for God is Life and Light,
And holds us in His Love until the sight
Comes to our eyes, which were so blind before,
And we see death to be an open door.

Then let us rise all darkness far above,
And keep our faces toward the Light of *Love;*
For Love doth ever hold the magic key
Which will unlock what now seems mystery.

A. S. P.

Change of the Battle-Line from the Material to the Spiritual.

From the material to the spiritual, from the seen to the unseen, from the things that pass to the things that endure, it is a long and toilsome journey. It fills one's heart with a great pity and a great reverence to see the long line of weary climbers toiling up that endless spiral, why they know not, whither they can but dream. If they could see but once the heights on which the sunlight rests, and even fancy that their path led upward, it would not be so hard. But their way lies through the shadows and the mists, and, though there is much climbing, the road winds down as well as up, and sometimes the place where one must stop is lower than the beginning. Now and then one gifted with a rarer vision or a truer insight catches a glimpse from above, or from within, that lightens his load and sends him singing on his way. But most know that, blindfold, they have found themselves upon the road that seems to lead nowhither, and they have no choice but to toil on. Sometimes, too, they must fight, and in the dark, not knowing whether they are wounding foe or friend. It is hard for a man to die in battle, doubting if he have fought on the right side, but it is the way with many.

It is not within the province of this paper to enter upon the disputed realm of the primary relations between the material and the spiritual. Whether spirit is a product of matter, or matter of spirit, or whether both are alike manifestations of the same great force that moves the universe, does not concern our present discussion. As we know them, they appear to be closely intertwined and interrelated. The power which we call spiritual, that power which chooses and wills, appears to be dependent for its support and expression upon that which does neither. And the material universe is inert and useless until called into activity and life by the force which we name spiritual. But the spiritual power, however dependent it may be, very early begins to reach out for a life peculiarly its own. When the babe has discovered that the mother's cuddling means something more than warmth, it has started on that long journey which in the poorest life reaches some heights of unselfishness and devotion, forgets the poor claims of its sordid material existence, and reaches out after eternal verities. The child grows out of childhood, and primitive man out of primitive conditions, as he substitutes thought and will for mere sensation. The savage finds his highest joy in the pleasures of sense. For him, physical existence constitutes the sum total of life. If now and then he feels dimly creeping over him the power of wood or waterfall, the magic of sunset or moonlight, it is little more than a sensation, which brings with it no association, no

> "Remoter charm by thought supplied, nor any interest unborrowed from the eye."

To a Wordsworth the same scene brings with it a host of complex joys. He sees, not merely things, but "into the life of things." When the scene itself is vanished to the eye, it remains to the heart. The "host of golden daffodils," whose dancing feet the winter snows have stilled forever, yet

> "Flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude."

The cuckoo's song is ended, but the memory of the "wandering voice" still "begets that golden time again." The Highland maiden's voice is silent many a year, but

> "The music in my heart I bore
> Long after it was heard no more."

The simplest joy multiplies itself a thousand times. A mind that has the seeds of happiness within itself is like a series of mirrors that reflect and re-reflect some simple beauty until the vista seems endless.

This—may I call it Wordsworthian?—power to translate the language of sense into the language of intellect, the symbol into the symbol's meaning, to make the absent present and the fleeting permanent, and so find the noblest joys of life where the savage would find less than its bare necessities, this, I think, is converting material things into spiritual verities. To see the bending heavens in a dewdrop, to find the wisdom to cut life upon in the commonest surroundings, and the soul's highest needs served in the humblest conditions, what can they lack who have this power? or lacking it, what have they worth possessing? But the heart can never rest with one translation. It seeks the power to transmit to the world that which it has so freely received. Michael Angelo wept over the angel that existed for him alone in the rude block of stone. To him that transcendent form was immeasurably fairer than even his own matchless chisel could produce in marble, but his soul was torn with passion until he could pass on to the world the glorious shape by the magic of his art. Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" was a consuming fire within him until its harmonies had burst their bonds and thrilled other hearts than his own. The gifts of mind refuse to be hoarded. The treasures of Wordsworth must needs become the world's treasures too. True, it is not for all who dream Madonna faces to lay the dream on canvas, nor for all whose hearts are on fire with the memories of youth to sing the songs of Wye or Yarrow. The haunting vision may break upon the world in a new-born patience or a tenderer word to a little child. The savage at one end of the scale and Wordsworth at the other, these are the antipodes. Humanity is on the road from one to the other. As we march on, the battle-line changes front, not steadily, but waveringly, as is the wont of battle-lines.

Three turbulent centuries have nearly passed since Champlain planted the cross and the lilies of France on the rock of Quebec, where the destiny of a continent was yet to be decided. The Jesuits, roused and purified, as Parkman tells us, "by the trumpet-blast of the Reformation," sent their best blood to New France from the purest of religious purposes, the ordinary commercial incentives to settlement having little part. Closing their ears to the calls of avarice and ease, they went forth to brave the severest hardships and to court every kind of torture that the ingenuity of savage fiends could devise, praying to be counted worthy of the martyr's crown. They came, as they believed, to save a heathen world from a carnal heaven, it is true, and from a material hell, by the most unspiritual of means—by baptisms, by mumblings of unintelligible prayers, by the barest externalities and trappings of religion. They failed, for the most part, to realize their own poor dream, but they succeeded in something beyond their wildest visions. They made of themselves a bridge on which a people of other traditions, speaking a different language, should cross to a destiny which still awaits them. Closely associated with these came women like Jeanne Mance, who, thwarting the tender instincts of a thousand generations of home-loving ancestors, left behind everything that could make a woman's life worth living, and came to this wild land, where, as she well knew from the *Jesuit Relations*, a danger lurked behind every tree in the forest, came to mother on her virgin breast the orphan children of Montreal, "an atom," says Park-

man, "blown by the breath of God to unknown destinies." It was a part of her destiny, though perhaps not the greatest, to become foundress of the Hotel Dieu of Montreal, and many of the charities of body and mind in Montreal and Quebec to-day owe their inception to this gentle nun. There was Mother Mary of the Incarnation, who, in obedience to her visions, which began to haunt her at the age of seven, came, for what she knew not, to this great new world, possessed of an idea so great that her poor baby-soul would have repudiated it had it been suggested to her that she and her companion-martyrs were come to prepare this untamed continent for the reception of a more progressive race than theirs and a more spiritual religion than they could comprehend. The line was moving on, though it often seemed to falter.

It is now almost a century and a half ago that the hosts of conservatism dominant along the St. Lawrence were challenged to a life-and-death struggle at Quebec, the citadel-crowned rock thus far deemed impregnable to shot and shell. It seems to me the most pathetic story in American history, the story of those two commanders, Wolfe and Montcalm, perhaps equally brave, equally strong in integrity of purpose, almost equally hopeless of results. "Nothing remains," said Montcalm, "but to fight and die." "It is the last chance," said Wolfe to the men who crowded round him, anxious to climb that steep path to glory. "You can try, but I don't think you'll make it." The poor, wretched, pain-racked body had not yet exhausted the "flaming spirit." He had begged his physician to "patch him together" for his last fight. The night before, he had taken the portrait of his affianced wife from his pocket and handed it to his friend, saying: "Send it back to her when all is over. We shall not meet again." Dropping quietly down the river in the cover of the darkness, you know how he repeated to his companions in the boat the lines of Gray, then just published in England:

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth ever gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour,
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Soldier though he was, he realized how cheap and small is a triumph of bayonets in contrast to a triumph of mind. "Gentlemen," he said, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow." But it was his to take Quebec and die, that the Protestant religion and the English-speaking race, and human freedom, might have a chance to see what fair destinies they could work out on American soil.

The Rock of St. Louis was as strong a fortress as it had ever been. The French outnumbered the English. They were generaled by an officer whose name the English residents of modern Quebec hold worthy to stand on the same monument with that of Wolfe. But imponderable forces were drawn up on the plains of Abraham that September day. An idea was let loose upon the earth, and what had cannons or majorities to do with it?

The English scarcely read the lesson of their triumph at Quebec, but set about to hold their new empire by the same material means that had lost it to France. They tore down the old French citadel and erected a new one, which once more justified the proud name of "Gibraltar of America," "every stone of which," the soldiers in the fort are fond of saying, "cost the British government a guinea." The stone ramparts did indeed enable the garrison to withstand the attack of Montgomery in 1775, but it made no difference in the end. They were not strong enough to preserve an undivided British empire in America when the cause of human justice and freedom was battering at the gates. Once again, in another great conflict on American soil, numbers did not count, wealth did not avail against poverty, discipline melted away before valor, Providence was on the side of the weakest battalions. The idea of human liberty had gone abroad, and the British American empire was dismembered because it had not learned to gird itself with the iron bands of justice.

Cannons threaten no longer from the frowning Martello towers on the Quebec heights. The war-towers have become homes for the homeless. Now and then, through government charity, they are inhabited by destitute families, and, as a recent visitor from Chicago observed, the unwashed and uncared for children that peep from the loopholes menace the civilization which the guns no longer protect. The children must be washed and taught, and the problems of Quebec must be settled along different lines from those heretofore followed. Great Britain must learn to hold its empire by the march of human freedom and a bombardment of ideas. The battle-line is moving on.

From the days of Paul, who complained that the natural man warred against the spiritual man, to Simon Stylites on his tower, and again down to the pietist of to-day, who fasts to subjugate his unruly passions, it has been assumed that matter and spirit are at variance with each other, thus making a dual universe, and in the name of logic requiring a dual God, or an inconsistent one, for its creation and ruling. We know something of the correlation of forces. We feel the harmony of the universe. It is impious to attribute to the great intellect that moves the universe such short-sightedness as to create a spirit for man in its own image and clothe it in a body so constituted as to thwart and rob it of its high destiny. If the soul of man is divine, the body must have its high uses too. If unequal to its task, it is because it is not yet adapted to its destiny. To fit it for those high uses, by training it to be the competent servant of spirit, this, I think, is moving from the material to the spiritual plane. If matter, then, like spirit, is divine, we shall not rise by ignoring, but by using and respecting it.

We sometimes hear that this is a materialistic age, the age of steel, the age of electricity. So it is, but a great deal more. I have even heard this poor nineteenth century of ours compared unfavorably with the sixteenth along these lines, and the United States, the country in which more mechanical inventions are filed every year than in all the rest of the world beside, compared with European countries in the same depreciating way. But suppose the present is the age of steam and steel and electricity? What does that mean? I suppose the domain of the physical, if it have any domain, is unaltered since the first savage learned to strike fire with flint. I suppose it means that man's relations to the genii of earth and air are changed. Man, the highest spiritual power we know, has, since he began to emerge from savage conditions, reversed his relations with the less intelligent, and therefore less spiritual, powers of the universe. A piece of iron ore had the better of the primitive man, who did not know enough to smelt and temper it. The winds laughed at the would-be mariner until he learned how to shift his sails and run in the teeth of the gale. Steam in the hands of an ignorant engineer will burst its bonds and spread ruin in its track. Now, at the command of those who know Nature's secrets, and have pressed her into their service by obedience to her laws, the servant becomes the master and the lord the slave. Caliban crouched before the lightning. The scientist presses a button, and the lightning leaps around the world to do his bidding and carry his message.

But wherein is all this materialistic? Does not this first-hand acquaintance with Nature demand and prove a spiritual power undreamed of in the time when housewives were wont to put a horseshoe into the cream to make the butter come? How quickly a little knowledge and application of chemistry would have exorcised the witches to whom hanging was only a diversion and encouragement. But if it is not spiritual force that is taming and subduing these gigantic powers, then let us find it some more sacred name and remand the spiritual to a lower place.

Let us not ignore the rock upon which the Infinite has planted our feet. We must treat it fairly, and obey all the laws we know; the more the better. When we know all that may be found out about iron, we shall handle it as would a god. When we have fathomed all the secrets of the terrible power we call electricity, we shall no longer fear its bolt.

I have tried to say my word in behalf of those material environments which we are sometimes witless enough to call secular or profane. I have tried to say that there is nothing profane in the universe except to think profanely of anything. But let us not forget that the shield has another side. Let us not lose sight of the fact that there are plenty of well-attested phenomena which transcend all our ordinary experiences, and

which have not thus far been explained. Let us frankly admit that an apparent miracle or exception may mean an unknown law.

When we have mastered the material universe by putting ourselves in harmony with its methods, we shall be free to learn and heed the laws of spirit. Then we shall fulfill the promise of those isolated marvels called the miracles of the first and the nineteenth centuries, which are miracles indeed, but not more than waking or sleeping, or living or dying. Then we shall come into our majority and rule the earth, our joint inheritance. In the way of evolution the time must come when obedience to the laws of hygiene shall be as spontaneous as breathing, and the hereditary effects of their violation will, after time enough, disappear. Then, when one is ill, he will know that he ought to be ashamed of it; and instead of vaunting his exploits in the way of measles and carbuncles, backaches and fevers,—for it is not alone in Drumtochty, in the "Days of Auld Lang Syne," that we are "lifted" by such experiences,—he will hide them, as he now seeks to hide poverty or dirt, and so cease to propagate them by mental suggestion in social conversation. The germ theory of disease? Yes. Microbes? Yes. Bacteria? Yes. Let us not dare deny their existence or their power. But there are microbes that infest the mind, bacteria that prey upon the spirit, and their ways are more subtle, their depredations more alarming, than are those of the creatures revealed by the microscope. Wonderful are the triumphs of science, which has demonstrated the existence of these destroyers of the temple of life, and discovered means of coping with them. Let the name of Pasteur and others of his kind be honored while time endures for the measure of freedom from disease which they have won for suffering humanity. Not by ignoring these benefactors of the race, not by robbing them of their just meed of honor, but standing upon their shoulders, looking from the heights they have won, let us go forward, and demonstrate what a mind uninfected with suggestions of disease, of which ordinary social intercourse and the columns of our newspapers are now loathsomely prolific, a mind free from pessimism, emptied of its own "insect miseries," filled with a high concern for its neighbors, occupied with the things that do not perish, can do towards making the body a fit temple for the god within.

The age to come, say some, will be a psychic age. Yes, and let us speed it on. But let us not cease to think God's thoughts over after him as we study and comprehend more and more of this marvelous material expression of power found in the rocks and living things of this our home. May we learn more and more of the ways of matter, that we may more and more direct and control. This planet is ours by right of divine inheritance. But we must grow into our majority before we come into our estate.

EVELYN H. WALKER.

Immortality of the Soul in Ancient Syria.

The excavations of the Germans in Upper Syria, at Sendjirli, have yielded some valuable returns of linguistic and religio-historical knowledge. In one of the oldest inscriptions found is an important statement respecting the belief in the immortality of the soul. The inscription is written on a robe of a statue of the god Hadad, and is dated by scholars in the eighth or ninth century B.C. In it the King Panammou I. adjures his descendants to offer a special libation, at the moment of their coronation, over and above the usual sacrifices in honor of the god Hadad. "When my name has been pronounced and the formula recited, viz., 'The soul of Panammou: may it drink with thee,' then the soul of Panammou will drink with thee. But he who shall neglect this funerary ceremony shall see his sacrifice rejected by Hadad, and the soul of Panammou will drink with Hadad alone." M. Halevy attaches great importance to this text because he has always maintained that the ancient Semites believed in the immortality of the soul. One always thinks of the Old Testament reticence on this point, and wonders as to its meaning. This fact, if substantiated, only adds to the mystery.—*Biblical World.*

The nature which is all wood and straw is of no use; if we are to do well, we must have some iron in us. —*Farrar.*

St. Savior's and Its Records.

III.

St. Savior's can boast the unique honor of treasuring the dust of John Gower, who by some is claimed to be the first English poet; at least Dr. Johnson speaks of him as the father of English poetry, though the world, by general consent, has given this honor to Chaucer. Gower antedates Chaucer by a few years, both in his birth and his writings, and is freely acknowledged by the younger poet as an example and an inspiration. The title bestowed upon him by Dr. Johnson would be just had he not written almost all of his poems in French. His tomb, surmounted with a most interesting portrait effigy, is probably the center of historical interest and association in this most interesting church. In no other claim do they take greater pride, unless, it may be, in the circumstantial, though not quite conclusive, evidence that William Shakespeare was an attendant upon its services.

Chaucer, so intimately associated in our thoughts with Gower, does not rest in St. Savior's. His name and fame brought such recognition that only Westminster Abbey was equal to the honor of receiving his dust. And yet Chaucer's history is forever associated with St. Savior's—notably through the "Canterbury Tales." The Tabord Inn, just across the street from the venerable church, was the supposed rallying-point of the pious pilgrims who gathered here and supped and dined and entertained one another with romance and adventure. The intimate friendship of Gower and Chaucer, together with the fact of Chaucer's residence in Southwark, makes his knowledge of St. Savior's a certainty. So it is no strain upon the imagination to think of these merry pilgrims assembled at the Tabord as quite sure to visit the sacred shrine across the street to ask a blessing on their holy pilgrimage. Can we not see

> "The very perfect, gentle knight,
> And ever honored for his worthiness,"

as he paid his homage at its shrine? Then, too, Madam Eglantine, the prioress,

> "Who full well she sang the service divine,
> Entuned in her nose full sweetly.
> At meat was she well taught, withall;
> She let no morsel from her lippes fall,
> Nor wet her finger in her sauce depe."

Quaint picture of a gentlewoman; her manners and her morals all of good quality, for she was as "charitable and pitious" as she was proper.

Next comes the monk—

> "Who of hunting of the hare was all his lust."

whose horse's bridle

> "Gingled . . . as loud as doth the chapel bell."

Not the kind of a priest to suit our day, but evidently not a surprise to his companions. In marked contrast we see the pious clerk of Oxenford,

> "Whose horse was as lean as a rake,"

He looked "*holwe*" and "full threadbare," and all the money he could borrow from his friends

> "On books and on learning, he it spent.
> Sounding in moral vertue was his speche,
> And gladly would he lerne and gladly teche."

As far apart in life and interests comes the epicurean, Frankelein, who loved his wine, and in whose home

> "Without enbaked mete never was his house
> Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous
> It snewed in his house of mete and drink."

Let us trust that his talents were not wasted, and that he became purveyor for this historical company.

In this notable company let us not forget the Wife of Bath, with her fine clothes and her hot temper, and who

> ". . . was a worthy woman all her life:
> Husbands at the church-door had she had five"—

the Miller and the Sompnour, the Reve and the Pardnor, and many, many more—twenty-nine in all—who journeyed together through lovely Kent, down almost within sound of the sea, to Thomas a' Becket's place of martyrdom in Canterbury Cathedral; then back again to the Tabord Inn, where the one who had told the best tale was to be regaled with a fine dinner at the expense of the disappointed twenty-eight.

M. H. P.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Who has not found the heaven below
Will fail of it above.
MON.—God's residence is next to mine;
His furniture is love.
TUES.—Time is a test of trouble,
But not a remedy.
WED.—A perished sun
Endears in the departure.
THURS.—The soul should always stand ajar.
FRI.—Not knowing when the dawn will come,
I open every door.
SAT.—The only secret people keep
Is immortality.

—*Emily Dickinson.*

An Easter Lily.

It came from Egypt, and was as mysterious as that far-off land. Uncle Jack brought it when he came home in September. He said that it was an arum or calla lily, and would bloom by Christmas.

When the many odd foreign gifts were unpacked, Uncle Jack began distributing, and the lily fell to Dorothy. She was very happy to be the real owner of a plant that was arranged by nature to bloom at a certain time, and she tended it with great care and patience. October went by, then November; December came, still no sign of a bud. Dorothy grew impatient. On Christmas eve she was watering the lily. Tears of vexation sprang to her eyes. Leaves stood out on it in luxurious abundance. They shook and quivered as the drops of water fell on them; they might have been saying, "We 're glad! we 're glad!"

"Oh, you stupid plants," cried Dorothy. "You do n't know enough to bloom for Christmas day."

Then the leaves were quiet. Maybe the plant was thinking. Christmas went by; the plant still sent out more leaves. March came; Lent began, and Dorothy's duties doubled. Still she tended the lily, and one day a shoot came up that was rounder than a leaf's stem, and was lighter in color.

"Oh!" cried Dorothy. "You dear little plant! You wanted to bloom for Easter. Look, mamma! Here is a lily bud at last!"

There was great rejoicing over the long pearly stem that slowly pushed the bud higher and higher till it topped the leaves, and gracefully curled itself into a flower. Holy Week saw it open fully, and on Good Friday it showed the long golden stamen, that threatened to shower its yellow glory over the beautiful white cup. Dorothy's mother was glad to have her little daughter so interested and charmed. Dark days and hard times had come to Dorothy's father. Many a sacrifice was laid on each member of the little household, which each tried to bear, so that no added burden should fall on the discouraged, overtaxed man. Dorothy listened bravely when her little friends were talking of Easter gifts and Easter finery. She tried to keep in her heart the thought, "I have an Easter lily. I do not care for gifts or new clothes. My lily has bloomed. That is enough for me."

On Good Friday morning, after service, the rector overtook them on their way home. He said he feared the Easter flowers were not to be as plentiful as usual. Hard times had come upon many members of the little congregation, and he was asking people to give what blossoms they could spare from their house plants.

"I always tell them anything that is a flower will be welcome. Let every one do as he is disposed in his heart; not grudgingly nor of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver."

The mother looked down at Dorothy, wondering whether she would proffer her lily. No, she did not seem to understand that the rector meant her. So when they were safely home the mother said,

"Shall you send in your lily, Dorothy?"

"Why, no. Certainly not! It is only *one flower*. And it is all that I have. I *must* keep it!"

"Well, dear, if you feel in that way, the gift would bring no blessing. The rector said something about cheerful giving, if you remember."

Dorothy looked sulky. She thought it very strange that she must give up everything, even her dear lily, when other girls had new dresses and hats. Why, there was Flora Simpson—here Dorothy broke down and cried. She flew up to her room and sobbed out her trouble, till an angel came with a lovely thought to comfort her. When she came downstairs, her face was shining and she was a cheery little Dorothy once more. Next morning she snipped off her lovely lily and two great green leaves, folded them neatly in a white paper, on which she wrote, "This is only one lily, but it is all I have. It comes *cheerfully* from Dorothy."

Her mother looked on while Dorothy labored over her tiny note. There was a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye as the dear child started for the church. Sometimes mothers' smiles and tears are like prayers.

The ladies who were dressing the church were very quiet when Dorothy's gift was unfolded. One fair girl, who always knew just what to do on all occasions, picked up the lily and its leaves, twisted a bit of ribbon about their stems, and fastened it in the brazen beak of the eagle in front of the lectern.

Dorothy waited no longer. She fled home with a happy, beating heart. She had given up *all*. Yet she was glad! glad!

And the fair girl at the church worked away with a will, unmindful of thorns or tough stems, making God's house more lovely with each effort, and brushing away drops from her cheeks that were not all "dew."

On Easter day when Dorothy went to the church and saw the beautiful flowers, there, in front of all, its pure whiteness showing against the dark wood, was her own Easter lily.

ELVIRA FLOYD FROEMCKE, in *Delaware Churchman*.

Pussy-Willows.

"Pussy-Willow in fur comes drest,
A wintry puss is she,
Yet wears beneath her silvery vest
A spring robe fair to see!
But will not open the warm fur
That softly doth envelope her,
Pretty Pussy-Willow!

"Pussy-Willow doth find it cold,
And, prudent Pussy she,
While the winds are strong and cold,
Keeps wrapt up cozily;
And waits for some warm, sunny day,
Her yellow garment to display;
Pretty Pussy-Willow!"

What is this I see? "A basket of pussy-willows from Pine Crest?" How very kind and thoughtful of Miss Packard to remember us! So they 've come "just in time," Neddy, "for our Pussy-Willow story." I've never seen such beauties.

Yes, Margaret, the pussies ought to be put into water at once. They must be ready for a drink after their journey. We shall need the two largest jardinières to hold them all.

Neddy, boy, would n't you like to take some of these furry little fellows to kindergarten to-morrow for Miss Louise and the children? We can spare enough to let each child have a twig to carry home.

Certainly you could give a bunch to your drawing teacher, Margaret. Why would n't it be a good idea to ask her if you might make a pretty frame with pussy-willows drawn on it for your next lesson? I happen to know that Miss Packard's birthday comes the last of April, and a group picture of you and Dolly and Ned in such a frame would be the nicest kind of a present to send her.

Do I "think we could take some 'kitties' to Mrs. Flannigan," Dolly? To be sure I do. Of course we must not forget our Valentine! She will be greatly pleased, for she used to live on a farm and always loves anything from the country. There, we are all through! How pretty the "pussies" look in those dark-red jars. Neddy, you may set the basket in the hall closet.

The Church Union.

The Study Table.

LITERARY LANDMARKS.*—Mr. Laurence Hutton has put into the hands of the traveler three golden keys with which he may open doors that he has hitherto passed by, and behind which he will find rare treasures. The "Literary Landmarks of Rome," "Literary Landmarks of Florence," and "Literary Landmarks of Venice," are the most notable addition to the bibliography of Italian travel which has appeared for years, and they throw new lights on many literary productions, for they tell, with vivid details, where the authors of whom they speak were, and consequently much of how they must have felt, at the time of this or that composition. Mr. Hutton evidently has been at great pains to verify his facts, and the result is some old errors cleared away and much new material brought to light. These books are essentially guide-books, cyclopædic in form, concise, almost abrupt, and are arranged with regard to the chronological order of authors. Unfortunately, they are disfigured by some very stupid puns very clumsily forced in. They are daintily yet substantially bound, with charming pictures of just those scenes the text makes one most wish to see, and of a size convenient for the traveler.

One is startled to find upon the first page of ROME, "each of whom are willing," "each" referring to "classes," and on page 2, "the first of these [classes] have read Ruskin. They think they know," etc. This is as amazing from such an astute critic as Mr. Hutton as is his jumble of tenses in his description of Cæsar's house, on page 6. What "they think they know" he tells deliciously.

Evidently Mr. Hutton is what the late Kenelm Digby would sadly have called "a modern," for he airily dismisses the Latin writers with ten pages. But the rest of the book is full of the most delightful gossip about Thackeray and Longfellow and Hawthorne; a light satire of Goethe's "unpretentiousness" at Rome that is irresistible; a reference to Chateaubriand's attachment to the French embassy that tantalizes one, for it passes by all suggestion of the inevitable influences of that residence upon the French romantic movement; and sombre glimpses of Shelley and of Keats, concerning whom Mr. Hutton tells us many new things.

FLORENCE is still more vividly interesting than ROME, for, as Mr. Hutton tells us, "Rome, like Venice, is merely the stopping-place of the man of letters. Florence is his home." The first sentence of the volume is also an index of its chief contents: "Florence is still illuminated by the lights of its four great fixed stars: Dante, who rose here; Boccaccio, who blazed here; Savonarola, who suffered here his cruel eclipse; and Galileo, who here peacefully set." Mr. Hutton has very carefully investigated the landmarks of Dante especially, with results that will be satisfactory to "all lovers of the lover of Beatrice" who long to stand where Dante once stood but can't find the place. Not so satisfactory will be the conclusion that "it would have been a great deal better for Dante, and for all concerned, if he had not set the fashion of falling in love with, and rhapsodizing over, an ideal creature." This is a savage thrust at the world's heart that the world will not forgive soon. Every man has known a Beatrice, and he will love her to the end.

The volume on VENICE is full of Aldus, Ruskin, Byron, and the Brownings. What can one say of it more than that it charms as ROME and FLORENCE charm, even though it forgets Georges Sand and the *Maitres Mosaïstes*, and Schiller's *Geisterseher?*

*LITERARY LANDMARKS OF ROME. LITERARY LANDMARKS OF FLORENCE. LITERARY LANDMARKS OF VENICE. By Laurence Hutton. (Harper and Brothers. For sale by the American Baptist Publication Society. Price, $1.00 each.)

Notes and Comments.

"The same heart beats in every human breast!" exclaimed Matthew Arnold. We look at the men about us and see them moved by the same springs of action as ourselves, bound by the same limitations, stirred by the same inspirations. We read history, and see the same human nature moving down the ages, and we echo the words of the English scholar. Yes, the same heart, but the beatings are so much more subtle. In the April *Cosmopolitan* John Brisben Walker's "The Hero of To-day" emphasizes the growing subtlety. The patriot of our father's day arose in arms at his country's cry of need or distress. Surrounded by comrades that fired his enthusiasm, kept alive his courage, thrilled his blood, he rushed into battle to die for his country. The patriot of to-day is called upon to sacrifice reputation, position, friends, and to *live* for his country. It is a day-to-day, hour-to-hour martyrdom. His loyalty to his ideals keeps him in the straight and narrow path of arduous public service.

Strange that when "the same heart beats in every human breast" we so little understand each other. We go blindly on misinterpreting one another's motives. As there is a new patriotism whose duty is eternal vigilance, so there is a new philanthropy. The days of giving a penny or a dime, and so dismissing the matter, are past. The philanthropy of to-day keeps always with us the poor, the unhappy, the defective, the criminal. It sets seriously to work sympathetically to understand, scientifically to investigate, classify, generalize, nobly to befriend, suffering humanity.

The March number of *The Charities Review*, beginning its new volume (vol. 6) in a new form, emphasizes anew its championship of the new patriotism, the new philanthropy, and the new religion. It urges organization in these various fields, that all workers who have the same ends at heart may concentrate intelligently and economically.

In years past *The Review* has been the organ of the New York Charity Organization Society. Henceforth it will be the organ of no individual or association. It has united with itself Dr. Hale's *Lend-a-Hand*, and dedicates itself to the study of the problems of a self-conscious society.

At ordinary times Greece is interesting to the classical student only, and chiefly studied for her past. To-day the eye of the world is upon her. The newspapers give daily telegrams. The April *Cosmopolitan* opens with an article on Modern Greece, with echoes of her past. *The Review of Reviews* treats of the present crisis. The *Chautauquan* has an article on King George I.

The English dailies are enthusiastic in their praise of Captain Mahan's "Life of Nelson," with its account of British naval power under his admiralty.

D. D.

A SKETCH OF SOCIALISTIC THOUGHT IN ENGLAND. Professor Charles Zeublin, "American Journal of Sociology," Chicago.

Professor Zeublin's article is already so condensed that further condensation is impossible without mutilation. We can do nothing further, therefore, than to commend the paper with the references to the earnest consideration of the readers of THE NEW UNITY, of which Dr. Zeublin is an editor. "The American Journal of Sociology" is making itself indispensable to every thinking man, under the able editorial management of Prof. Albion W. Small, and it has no contributor for whose words the public looks with greater eagerness than for Professor Zeublin's.

The Book of Deeds and Days.

Wide open lay the Book of Deeds and Days,
Whose secret none of all that live may win—
And now, at last, I was to read therein,
I met my angel's subtle, smiling gaze:
"Look! read! and faint not in thy first amaze!"
Trembling, and loth such venture to begin,
I found a passage that methought had been
Illustrate with good deeds and starred with praise;

Thereunder was inscribed one word—alas!
A heavenly zephyr quickly turned that leaf;
How shone my obscure day with trial fraught;
I read, *By this into the Kingdom pass.*
Then said that angel, void of joy or grief,
"Stands no man's compt as he himself had thought."

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion"

CHICAGO.—On last Sunday, the last of Mr. Jones' absence from the pulpit of All Souls church, Chicago, Prof. Frederick A. Starr gave a most interesting discourse on "The Religion of the Modern Mexican." The Professor has spent a good deal of time during the past few years in Mexico, and has found that the Mexicans consist of three totally different kinds of folks. First, those of pure Spanish blood, so few in number as to be of little importance in any study of the people; second, those of mixed blood, partly white, Spanish, and partly old original Indians; and, third, full-blooded Indians, becoming more and more numerous the farther south one seeks them.

The speaker found in Mexico startling and convincing proof of the fallacy of the common thought that the religion of one people can be promptly fitted upon another and totally different people. The whole of Mexico is now nominally Christian, as the result of energetic work done there by the Christian church for two or three hundred years, but there is much of pure paganism left in Mexico. Many pagan customs still exist, and are a vital part of the life of the people. A good deal of paganism was officially incorporated into the forms of religion by the Catholic church, simply be ause it had to be. This wise mother church adopted certain places which had been sacred spots for centuries before, and established churches on the sites of old heathen temples.

Christianity, when it was taken in, was given certain forms to conform to the prejudices and tastes of the people; for instance, in many cases the white Christ was changed to a black Christ, suited to dark-skinned worshipers. Again, people who had for centuries believed in many gods would find it hard to reduce the number to one, and so the saints are practically worshiped as so many gods. The aberrations of Christianity which found expression in scourgings and self-torturings fitted into the native savagery and barbarism of these people, and in this last week of Lent hundreds of thousands of people in Mexico, in the name of Christianity, will be beating their backs with scourges that cut at every blow. All these points go to prove the original proposition that the religion of one people cannot be easily and quickly grafted onto another people of a totally different kind.

OAK PARK, ILL.—On March 29th, Unity Church, Rev. R. F. Johonnot, pastor, held its twenty-seventh annual parish meeting. Reports were read from the various departments, showing the most prosperous year in the history of the church. A pipe-organ has been placed in the church and paid for; the current expenses have been met; a weekly parish paper, *Unity Church News*, has been established and made self-sustaining. The parish is wholly free from debt. The Sunday school has an enrollment of 133, with an average attendance of 105, not including a conference class of about 20; the Young People's Christian Union has a membership of 48, with an average attendance weekly of 41. Three successful courses of lectures have been conducted during the year. Every society reported a balance on hand, the treasurer of the parish reporting $64.23, with uncollected subscriptions of $47, which are good. The expenses of the parish have been as follows: Current, $3,353.66; organ and repairs, $2,956.86; charity, $164.28; missions, $60; total, $6,534.80. The receipts have been $6,599.03. In addition to the above amounts, the various societies have raised and expended about $750, making a total of about $7,350, which has been raised by the people of the parish during the year, of which about $160 has gone to missions. During the five years of Mr. Johonnot's pastorate the number of families has risen from 52 to 93, 66 having been added and 25 removed or dropped their connection.

An evidence of the growth of liberal religion is the exchange of pulpits across denominational lines.

JEWISH NOTES.—Rabbi David Philipson of Cincinnati spoke before the Young Men's Club of Mount Auburn on "The Wandering Jew," the first time a rabbi appeared in the pulpit of a Cincinnati Presbyterian church. Rabbi L. Schulman of Kansas City occupied the pulpit of Dr. Roberts of All Souls Church, and spoke on "Liberal Religion." Rabbi Hirshberg of Boston spoke before the Unity Club of Providence. Dr. William F. Harding of the Second Congregational Church of Terre Haute, Ind., preached at Temple Israel on "The Three I Wills of Life." One of the remarkable features connected with the dedication of a new synagogue in puritan New Haven was the fellowship-meeting, at which eight Christian clergymen spoke.

The rabbi, Rev. David Levy, introduced them, observing at the close of his first remarks: "We believe that every man is created in the image of God — the God before whom Israel worships the world over. There is no difference between the Jew and the Gentile; we are all children of one God. Our attitude towards Christianity is not one of hostility. The orthodox Jew will concede that the movement of Christianity has been a benefit to the world. We look at it as a daughter. A Jew believes that he has a message to deliver in this world. Selfishness is a trait of humanity rather than of religion. We hope that the day will finally come when all will acknowledge one God and live together as one great family."

Rev. Dr. Smyth, in the course of his address, said: "When I made an appeal some years ago in a Western city for funds to rebuild a house of worship which had been destroyed by fire, the first contribution came from you. These occasions when we may leave our differences in the background come all too seldom. This I feel is the opportunity, and I am glad to embrace it and congratulate you. We have one common faith in the eternal righteousness of God."

Rev. Mr. Dickerson, referring to the first evening's exercises, said: "It was with pleasure I attended the services the other evening and saw the scrolls of the Law brought forward and deposited in the ark to be dedicated to their sacred keeping. The world is better and wiser for Judaism."

Common Plain Food.

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Natural grains, meat and fruit will make good blood if the digestive machinery of the body is not interfered with.

The blood when first made goes into the arteries and is of a bright red color. After it has been used some in supplying the body, it is carried into the veins and is there a dark red or purple color. Blood contains the elements to nourish and build up the body, such as iron, soda, lime, albumen, etc., etc.

When the powers of the stomach and the bowels are reduced by lack of vitality or by putting coffee and tea into the stomach, the processes which nature goes through with to change the food into rich, red blood are seriously interfered with.

If a man could see what a "wet blanket" he put over his hard-working friend, the stomach, by putting in coffee, whisky, or tobacco, when it was honestly toiling away to do its work well, he would never repeat the outrage and injustice. It is like striking your friend a vicious blow when he is delving away for you with might and main. Do n't do it. One feels more respect for himself when he acts the man and permits no form of abuse to strangle and spoil the beautiful work being done for him in the human body. No sort of fun on earth is equal to the fun of being thoroughly well.

If one wants a pungent, piquant, hot drink for breakfast, lunch, or dinner, it can be had in Postum, the health coffee. It is made wholly of grains by the Postum Cereal Company (Limited) of Battle Creek, Mich. It can be truly said, "It makes red blood." It brews the deep seal brown color of Mocha, it creams to the rich golden brown of Java, and has an aroma and taste that makes a man thankful that some one has at last made a combination of the grains that gives such a delicious hot drink that one can readily leave off the coffee which has been hurting more than one likes to think of.

Medicines are poor crutches. The only safety is to use food and drink that the Creator intended for man, and when this is done the diseases and sick spells gradually disappear.

Common sense is quite uncommon except with those who give themselves a shaking now and then and look plainly at what they are doing. If a person knows coffee does n't hurt him, let him stick to it till he does, then such people thoroughly appreciate Postum. Grocers testify to large sales, and the steady use of those who once try it is evidence of its taking ways.

"Just as good" as Postum Cereal Food Coffee are words used to defraud the public.

It is a crime to serve Postum with skim milk. Use pure cream, and make it black and rich as Mocha.

Old and New.

The Empty Chair.

The first warm touch of everlasting love
Comes thro' a mother's arms and soft caress;
Her tender clasp and constant watches prove
The unseen power that hovers near to bless;
Yet, while we mourn and view the empty chair,
The everlasting arms are here, still here.

The ear will wait her footfall all in vain;
The heart bewails its strange and sudden fate;
The eye will yearn to see her face again,
While hearth and home seem bare and desolate;
Yet, while we mourn for this, our bitter ill,
The everlasting arms are round us still.

The heavenly watch around us, who may tell,
Or unseen guards around our loved who roam?
Infinite power has hands invisible
To watch the cradle and protect the home;
Still warm and close (would we believe them near),
The everlasting arms are here, still here.

—*C. T. Carisbrooke.*

A piece of paper intended for money passes through an astonishing number of hands. When at the bureau of printing and engraving it is received as paper, it is handled by five different divisions with eighty-one hands. By them it is counted twenty times, and before the department gets it, about a month later, just 101 persons have done some work on the note. The ten-dollar notes are printed on sheets of four notes each. They are then complete, but not money until the treasury department has stamped upon them the indispensable little red seal. After a close examination, if there are no defects, they are bundled up and are ready for circulation.

The "Society for the Protection of Birds," at London, is renewing its appeal to women to desist from the use of all kinds of millinery which would make necessary the killing of birds. The youthful Duchess of Portland has signed the appeal, as president of the society, and expresses her belief that the demand for feather ornaments arises from absolute ignorance of the sacrifice it entails. —*Friends' Intelligencer and Journal.*

Sometimes I wonder which is best for me—
The sunny harbor or the stormy sea.
How may the soul woo rest, yet grow more brave;
Woo calm, yet battle with each warning wave;
Win love, yet not forget the loveless kind;
Win heaven itself, yet bear the world in mind?

—*Ella Giles Ruddy in the Century.*

An amusing story is told in the *Musical Opinion* of an experience of an old-time English village church with a barrel organ. A friend of Sir George Elvey in his younger days "had an organ constructed similar to a musical box. The clerk had been taught to manipulate the instrument, but he fell ill on a Sunday, and a member of the choir undertook to manage it. There were two sets of barrels, one with hymn tunes, the other with secular melodies. The clergyman having given out the hymn, the organ at once struck up with 'Drops o' Brandy,' which, in spite of many attempts to stop it, was played to the end. Then, after a second's pause, it started off with another equally secular tune, until, in despair, the horrified churchwardens made their way to the vicar, and expostulated with the unhappy choirman, who was, of course, helpless. Meanwhile the congregation were convulsed with laughter. At last, in desperation, the officials procured four strong men, who ran the profane thing out of the church, and left it to finish its godless airs among the tombs."

The Facts in the Case.

A careful perusal of the map of Wisconsin will convince you that the WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES running from Chicago and Milwaukee to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Hurley, Ironwood, Bessemer, and Duluth, touch a greater number of important cities than any line running through Wisconsin. Elegantly equipped trains, leaving at convenient hours, make these cities easy of access. Any ticket agent can give you full information and ticket you through.

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The Bagpipe.

The bagpipe of Scotland is the only instrument of which it may be said that it is distinctly national. The violin, the flute, the horn, and other instruments are common to many nations, but the bagpipe is peculiar to Scotland; and although it does not now occupy the position it once did, it is found in no other country.

In the days when the notorious Rob Roy committed his depredations, when the Vich Ian Vohrs lived securely in their Highland fastnesses, and kept up their dignified social position—in the stirring times of which Sir Walter Scott has told us—the bagpipe player was one of the important personages in the chieftain's retinue; and these may be considered as the palmy days of the instrument.

Within the region more strictly known as the Highlands, its shrill note was the first sound that fell on the ears of infancy; it charmed the rude Caledonians in times of joy, and comforted them in scenes of mourning; it animated their heroes in battle, and welcomed them back from their conflicts; and wherever their chiefs went it accompanied them, even to the grave.

The effect of this wild instrument on the Highland soldiers is marvelous. Above the rattle of musketry, and the turmoil and roar of the battlefield, the inspiring notes of the pibroch have spoken encouragement to the Highlanders, and led them bravely forward. At the battle of Quebec, when the troops were retreating in disorder, and the conflict had a most discouraging aspect, the general complaint was about the demoralization in Fraser's corps.

"Sir," said an officer, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play. Nothing inspirits the Highlanders so much. Even now they would be of some use."

"Let them blow, then," said the General.

So the pipers started a well-known air; and the Highlanders rallied, and bravely returned to the charge.—*Musical Record.*

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A Good Dog.

A strange tale of a shepherd dog caring for a cat is told by a correspondent of *La Nature*. The cat was neglected, and the dog perceived that it was suffering from hunger. He was accustomed to go to a neighboring house, where he was usually given delicacies from the table. One day the people of the house, answering a sound at the door, found the dog waiting there, with the cat firmly settled on his back. Food was given the cat, and its escort rested while it ate. For three days the dog brought the cat thus. Then the cat came afoot, but the dog was always with it.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

JOHNNY, a Sunday school boy, having arrived at his eighth birthday, thought it would be real nice to write a letter to his papa, and this is the way he began: "Dear Papa:—Whenever I am tempted to do wrong, I think of you and say: 'Get thee behind me, Satan!'"—*Christian Leader.*

The *Independent* is authority for the statement that Queen Victoria desires that the anniversary that makes her pre-eminent in the extended list of British sovereigns for the longest reign shall be signalized by the ratification of the arbitration treaty.

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The record of the great convocation is a surprise to its most ardent friends. Words that were said by Buddhist might have been transposed into the mouth of the Romanist, while the Greek Church found its utmost essence not differing from the highest thought of its arch-enemy under the Crescent. Through all the discourses ran a harmony of thought promising a new day in religions when men shall cease to wrangle over their differences and shall magnify their points of likeness and endeavor to get closer together.

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It generally results from a cold or an attack of la grippe, but is also common among people engaged in dusty workshops. Dust irritates and inflames the lining of the lungs and sets up a disease that soon becomes chronic.

In this kind of lung disease the patient does not entirely recover from the cold or grippe or attack produced by dust. He remains a little paler than usual, and has a flush of fever toward evening. He gets tired and is more short of breath than formerly on exertion, and sometimes has a sense of oppression on his chest. In summer the cough and expectoration are lessened, but both return in increased severity as cold weather approaches. Often the patient coughs up a great deal of thick matter from the lungs, in which case hectic fever and night sweats are almost certain to follow, with rapid wasting of flesh and strength, and he may die with symptoms closely resembling consumption.

It is very common to find this bronchial disease in a milder form in persons who speak of it as a winter cough. At each recurrence it is found to be of increased severity. Once set up it is never got rid of without local treatment of the lungs by inhalation. Gradually the mucous membrane becomes altered until it pours forth a matter which has all the qualities of pus. All these winter coughs tend directly to the obstruction of the lungs, either by ending in consumption or by causing ulcerations of the lining membrane which slowly but surely terminate fatally.

Humid Bronchitis is a form of this disease attended by copious expectorations of a mucus which closely resembles gum water in consistency. It is most common in people advanced in life. There are usually two fits of coughing in the day, one early in the morning and the other in the evening. There is considerable difficulty of breathing while the fits of coughing last, but it passes away as soon as the lungs are freed from the viscid secretions. Most old people are cut off before their time by this form of Bronchitis.

There is still another form called Dry Bronchitis. Its essential characteristic consists in the matter expectorated, which is a dense, glutinous stuff of a bluish white or pearly gray color. The chronic inflammation which causes the excretion gradually narrows the air-tube through which we breathe, thereby shortening the breath. Often tubes of considerable size become completely blocked up by the tough phlegm, producing great difficulty of breathing. This is of all forms of Bronchitis the most common. In the most favored parts of France, says Laennac, fully one half of the people are found on careful examination to have thickening of some portion of the mucus lining of the lungs, caused by Dry Bronchitis. Dry Bronchitis is the most insidious of lung complaints. The patient is always getting better, if we accept his own account of himself, and yet is certainly relapsing from time to time into a worse condition than before. The difficulty of breathing becomes more marked, lasting for several days at a time. The patient then complains of a tightness in the chest, which is only relieved by coughing up a quantity of the tough jelly-like substance before described. On inquiry of a person so affected if he has any lung trouble he will almost certainly answer no, and yet during your conversation will perhaps hack and raise this jelly-like mucus half a dozen times. Sometimes the cough comes on in paroxysms, when they are spoken of as asthmatic. If the stomach is deranged, doctors often cheer their patients by the assurance that it is only a stomach cough, or comes from a torpid liver or some other derangement of the general health. They do this although they have made no examination of the chest to be able to say what the condition of the lungs really is. Alas! there are few who are afflicted with Bronchitis who do not sooner or later come to fill a consumptive's grave.

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